

















turned their away to the west, winding up  
the mountain valley could be heard the  
sound of the Montepiquet, the black fringed  
silk, the cluster of foliage. Thomas and  
me were in the middle of the space of distant  
red cedars, were seen here and there, ap-  
peared in the forest, and in the distance, almost  
in the distance, were seen the faint, blue  
hills, we now just knew the forest  
was going towards the north, but a  
few, away, on a night, came as the  
color of the hills, the color of the forest.

**The Baby Bunting Company**  
10000 1st Avenue, N.W.







Clothes washer.

Weymouth, Mass., Sept. 18, 1868.

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# The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

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Published every Friday Morning.

By C. G. EASTERBROOK.

TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

From Sunshine and Shadow in New York, by

Matthew Hale, Esq.

HOW SHREWD MEN ARE RUIN-

ED.

The sudden collapse of fortunes, closing

of elegant mansions, the selling of

of plate and horses at auction, the hur-

ling of men down from first class positions

to subordinate posts, is an every day oc-

currence in New York. In almost ev-

ery case these reverses result from out-

side trading, and meddling with matters

belonging to one's legitimate business. The

city is full of sharp rogues and unprin-

ciple speculators, who lie awake nights

to catch the unwary. None are more

easily ensnared than hotel-keepers, and

this is the way it is done: A well-dress-

ed, good looking man comes into a hotel,

and brings his card as the President

of some great stock company. In a

few minutes, in a friendly way he asks to

look at a suite of rooms. He has previously

ascertained that the proprietor has from

fifty to a hundred thousand dollars in the

bank writing for something to turn up.

The rooms shown are not good enough.

He wants rooms that will accommodate

certain distinguished gentlemen, whom

he names, who happen to be the well-

known leading financiers of the great

city. A better suite is shown the

president. The cost is high—one thou-

sand dollars a month. But the rooms

suit; he must accommodate his friends;

he has no choice. He must have the best

of the city. He must have the best

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congregation was wealthy and large, the

minister eloquent and popular. The

bellows of the city, with the young and

the fashionable, crowded the church

when the pastor filled the pulpit. In

the full flush of his popularity, when a

peer could not be hired at any price,

when any salary would have been paid

to him that he demanded, the minister

disappeared. Quite late on Saturday

night the vestry received a letter from

the pastor, dated off Sunday Hook. The

letter tendered the pastor's resignation,

and announced that he had sailed that

day at noon in one of the Cunard steam-

ers for Europe. The parish were sur-

prised and alarmed. The whole affair

was a painful mystery. There was a

minister, settled over a flourishing and

liberal church, with a fine church and

parsonage, a church crowded with the

élite of the city, with a salary equal to

any minister in the city, and all the

popular applications, who had suddenly

resigned, and privately left the country.

To go no one knew where.

The story is a rumour. The ex-

planation came after the minister had

completed his European tour. At mid-

night the death of his parsonage was

violently rung. Going to the

window, the minister saw a man stand-

ing on his door-step, and he demanded

his business. He came with a message,

he said, from a dying woman. Hastily

dressing himself, the good man came to

the door and received the message.

Just around the block was a poor wo-

man and she was dying. Her only

treasure was a babe. She could not die

in peace unless her babe was baptized.

His reverence would come to her dy-

ing pillow, and administer that sacra-

ment, the blessing of a poor dying woman

would be his reward. It was much to

ask, and at midnight, too, but his great

Master, who loved the poor, would not

have denied such a request as this.

His humane and religious sympathies

were aroused, and the minister followed

the messenger. Common prudence

would have said, "Take a physician with

you. Call up a friend, and get him to

hear part in the ceremony." But, dream-

ing of no peril, he went on his way

to do, as he thought, his Master's

will. He was soon in a disreputable

region, in a street notorious for its unclean-

ness. The messenger knocked at a heavy

door, closed up a narrow, dark alley.

It opened immediately, and a woman

opened the door like a prison door.

Through a long, narrow, and unclean

some entry, that seemed to be an ally-

way covered, the parties took their way.

They passed up a narrow staircase,

broken and rickety. Low down

were passed on the stairs. Dark-fac-

ed and villainous-looking men seemed

to crowd the place. With his sacred

vestments on his arm, and his book of

service in his hand, the minister was

ushered into a dark and unwholesome

looking room. The door was closed be-

hind him, and locked. A dim candle

on the table revealed the outline of a dozen

persons, male and female, of the most







ready in a few days.  
**Price 50 Cents.**  
 Made by **A. S. WHITE & Co.**



















